THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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The Adventures of Alphonſo and Marina; an intereſting Spaniſh Tale.

[Concluded.]

NO ſooner had ſhe come to the bottom of the ſtairs than ſhe perceived Don Alphonzo. Her joy almoſt deprived her of ſpeech, ſhe leaned againſt the wall, her head ſunk on her ſhoulder, and the tears bedewed her cheeks. She wiped them away, ſtopped a moment to take breath, and, endeavouring to ſpeak with firmneſs, approached the priſoner.

"Stranger," ſaid ſhe, diſguiſing her voice, "you have killed your companion. What could induce you to commit ſuch a horrid murder?"

"Alcaid," anſwered Don Alphonſo, "I have committed no crime; it was an act of juſtice; but I am deſirous to die. Death alone can end the miſeries, of which the wretch I have ſacrificed was the firſt cauſe. Condemn me. I wiſh not to make a defence. Deliver me from a life which is hateful to me, ſince I have loſt what alone could render it delightful; ſince I can no longer hope ever to find"——

He was ſcarce able to conclude, and his voice faintly expreſſed the name of Marina.

Marina trembled on hearing him pronounce her name. She could ſcarcely conceal her tranſports, [illegible] the name of her lover. The preſence, however, of ſo many witneſſes reſtrained her. She, therefore, turned away her eyes, and faintly requeſted to be left alone with the priſoner. She was obeyed.

Giving a free courſe to her tears ſhe advanced towards Don Alphonſo, and offering him her hand, ſaid to him, in a moſt affectionate tone, "Do you then ſtill love her that lives for you alone?"

At theſe words, at this voice, Alphonſo lifts his head, unable to believe his eyes. "Oh Heavens! Is it—is it my Marina! Or is it ſome angelic being aſſuming her form? Yes, it is my Marina herſelf. I can no longer doubt it," cried he, claſping her in his arms and bathing her with his tears, "It is my love, my life, and all my woes are ended."

"No," ſaid Marina, as ſoon as ſhe could recover ſpeech, "you are guilty of bloodſhed, and I cannot free you from your fetters; but I will repair to-morrow to the ſuperior judge, will inform him of the ſecret of my birth, relate to him our misfortunes, and, if he refuſes me your liberty, will return and end my days with you in this priſon.

Marcello immediately gave orders for the removal of Alphonzo to a leſs hedious place of ſecurity. He took care that he ſhould want for nothing, and returned home to prepare for his journey, the next day, when a moſt alarming event prevented his departure, and haſtened the delivery of Don Alphonſo.

Some Algerine galleys, which had for ſeveral days purſued the ſhip on board of which Don Alphonſo was, had arrived on the coaſt, ſometime after the ſhipwreck; and, willing to repay themſelves for the trouble they had taken, had determined to land, during the night. Two renegadoes, who knew the country, undertook to conduct the barbarians to the village of Gadara, and fulfilled their promiſe but too well.

About one in the morning, when Labour enjoys repoſe, and Villainy wakes to remorſe, the dreadful cry to arms! to arms! was heard.

The Corſairs had landed, and were burning and ſlaughtering all before them. The darkneſs of the night, the groans of the dying, and the ſhrieks of the inhabitants, filled every heart with conſternation. Trembling wives caught their huſbands in their arms; and the old men ſought ſuccour from their ſons. In a moment the village was in flames, the light of which diſcovered the goary ſcymetars and white turbans of the Moors.

Thoſe barbarians, the flambeau in one hand and the hatchets in the other, were breaking and burning the doors of the houſes; making their way thro' the ſmoaking ruins, to ſeek for victims and for plunder, and returning covered with blood, and loaded with booty.

Here they ruſh into the chamber, to which two lovers, the bride and bridegroom of the day, had been conducted by the mother. Each on their knees, ſide by ſide, were pouring forth thanks to Heaven, for having crowned their faithful wiſhes. An unfeeling wretch, remorſeleſs, ſeizes the terrified bride; loads her unhappy lover, who in cruelty he ſpares, with chains; and ſnatches before his face, in ſpite of his diſtractions, his tears, prayers, and exclamations, that prize which was due to him alone.

There they take the ſleeping infant from its cradle. The mother, frantic, defends it, ſingly, againſt a hoſt. Nothing can repel, nothing can terrify her. Death ſhe braves and provokes. For her child ſhe ſupplicates, threatens, and combats; while the tender infant, already ſeized by theſe tigers, ſtarts, wakes, ſtares, with the wild agony of terror, on the grim viſage of its murderer, and ſinks into convulſive horror and ſleep, from which it wakes no more.

Nothing is held ſacred by theſe monſters. They force their way into the temples of the Moſt High, break the ſhrines, ſtrip off the gold, and trample the holy relics under foot. Alas! of what avail to the prieſts their ſacred character, to the aged their grey hairs, to youth its graces, or to infancy its innocence? Slavery, fire, deva[illegible]tation, and death are every where, and compaſſion is fled.

On the firſt alarm the Alcaid made all haſte to the priſon to inform Don Alphonſo of the danger. The brave Alphonſo demanded a ſword for himſelf and a buckler for the Alcaid. He takes Marina by the hand, and making his way to the market-place, thus accoſts the fugitives: "My friends, are ye Spaniards, and do ye abandon your wives and children to the fury of the infidels?"

He ſtops, he rallies them, inſpires them with his own valour, and more than human, (for he is a lover, and a hero) ruſhes, ſabre in hand, on a party of the Moors, whom he inſtantly diſperſes. The inhabitants recover their recollection and their courage; enraged, behold their ſlaughtered friends; and haſten in crowds to join their leader.

Alphonſo, without quitting Marina, and ever ſolicitous to expoſe his life in her defence, attacks the barbarians, at the head of his brave Spaniards, and dealing deſtruction to all who make reſiſtance, drives the fugitives before him, retakes the plunder and the priſoners, and only quits the purſuit of the enemy to return and extinguiſh the flames.

The day began to break, when a body of troops, who had received information of the deſcent of the infidels, arrived from a neighbouring town. The governor had put himſelf at their head, and found Don Alphonſo ſurroundod by women, children, and old men; who, weeping, kiſſed his hands, with unfeigned gratitude, for having preſerved their huſbands, their fathers, or their ſons.

The Governor, informed of the exploits of Don Alphonſo, loaded him with praiſes and careſſes; but Marina requeſting to be heard, declared to the Governor in the preſence of the whole village, her ſex: giving at the ſame time an account of her adventures, the death of the bravo by Don Alphonſo, and the circumſtances which rendered him excuſable.

All the inhabitants greatly affected with her ſtory, fell at the feet of the Governor, intreating pardon for the man to whom they were indebted for their preſervation. Their requeſt was granted, and the happy Alphonſo, thus reſtored to his dear Marina, embraced the Governor, and bleſſed the good inhabitants. One of the old men then advanced: "Brave ſtranger, (ſaid he) you are our deliverer, but you take from us our Alcaid; this loſs perhaps outweighs your benefit. Double our bleſſings, inſtead of depriving us of our greateſt; remain in this village, condeſcend to become our Alcaid, our maſter, our friend. Honour us ſo far as to permit nothing to abate our love for you. In a great city, the cowardly and the wicked, who maintain the ſame rank with yourſelf, will think themſelves your equals; while here, every virtuous inhabitant will look on you as his father: next to the Deity himſelf you will receive from us the higheſt honor: and, while life remains, on the anniverſary of this day, the fathers of our families will preſent their children before you, ſaying, "behold the man who preſerved the lives of your mothers."

Alphonſo was enchanted while he liſtened to the old man. "Yes, (cried he) my children, yes, my brethren I will remain here. My life ſhall be devoted to Mariana and you. But my wife has conſiderable poſſeſſions in Granada.—Our excellent governor will add his intereſt to ours that we may recover them, and they ſhall be employed to rebuild the houſes which the infidels have burnt. On this condition alone, I would accept the office of the Alcaid: and though I ſhould expend in your ſervice, both my riches and my life, I ſhould ſtill be your debtor: for it is you who have reſtored to me my Marina."

Imagine the tranſports of the good villagers, while Don Alphonſo ſpoke. The Governor was a perſon of great power, and undertook to arrange every thing to his wiſh: and two days afterwards, the Marriage was celebrated between Marina and her lover.

Notwithſtanding their late misfortunes, nothing

could exceed the joy of the inhabitants. The two lovers long lived in unexampled felicity: and made the whole diſtrict as virtuous and as happy as themſelves.

THE REAL PHILOSOPHER.

"What bands of black diſeaſes ſpread their wings,
The peaceful regions of content invade,
With deadly poiſon taint the cryſtal ſprings;
With noiſome vapour blaſt the vernal ſhade."

IN the ſuburbs of St. Marcel, where poverty reigns, a ſpotted fever cut down the people in hundreds.

The confeſſors labored night and day; the arms of the grave diggers failed; the hearſe rolled from door to door, and was never empty. A reinforcement of Prieſts was called in to aſſiſt the dying.—A venerable capuchin entered a low hovel, where one of the victims of contagion ſuffered; an old man in dirty rags lay dying—A bundle of ſtraw ſerved him for a covering and a pillow.—Not a moveable, not a chair was in the houſe—he had ſold all during the firſt days of his ſickneſs for a little broth—on his naked wall hung an axe and a ſaw.

This was his whole poſſeſſion, except the ſtrength of his arms, which he was not able to lift up.

"Take courage, my friend," ſaid the confeſſor; "it is a great bleſſing God beſtows on you to day. You are going to depart from a world where you know nothing but miſery."—"But miſery!" replied the dying man with a feeble voice; you are miſtaken; I have lived contented and never complained of my lot. I never knew hatred or envy.—My ſleep was tranquil.—I labored in the day, but I reſted at night.—The inſtruments which you ſee, procured me bread, which I have eaten with pleaſure. I never envied the table of the rich—I have obſerved the rich to be more ſubject to diſeaſes than their neighbours. I was always poor, but I never was ſick until now. If I recover health, which I do not expect, I will return to labor, and continue to bleſs the hand of God, which has hitherto cared for me." The aſtoniſhed comforter knew not well what tone to take; he could not reconcile the miſerable thatch with the language of him who lay on it—recovering himſelf he ſaid; "My ſon, though this life has not been unpleaſant to you, you muſt neverthleſs reſolve to quit it; for we owe ſubmiſſon to God's will."

"Without doubt," replied the dying man, with a firm tone of voice and compoſed countenance, "all the world muſt paſs in their turn—I have known how to live; I know how to die—I thank God for giving me life, and conducting me through it to himſelf'. I feel the moment approach ——Adieu, my father." This is the death bed of a pious chriſtian.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF LOVE.

[From the Wonderful Magazine.]

ABOUT an hundred years ſince, there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of ancient extraction, and Governor of Coucy caſtle, which is yet ſtanding, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife.—There was reciprocal love between them; but her parents underſtanding it, by way of prevention, ſhuffled up a forced match between her and one Mr. Fayel, who was heir to a great eſtate. Hereupon Captain Coucy quitted France in diſcontent, and went to the wars in Hungary againſt the Turks, where he received a mortal wound near Buda. Being carried to his lodgings, he languiſhed four days: but before his death, he ſpoke to an ancient ſervant, of whoſe fidelity and truth he had had ample experience, and told him he had a great buſineſs to truſt him with, which he conjured him to perform; which was, that after his death he ſhould cauſe his body to be opened, take out his heart, put it into an earthen pot, and bake it to powder; then put the powder into a handſome box, with the bracelet of hair he had long worn about his left wriſt, which was a lock of Mademoiſelle Fayel's hair, and put it amongſt the powder, together with a little note he had written to her with his own blood: and after he had given him the rights of burial, to make all the ſpeed he could to France, and deliver the box to Mademoiſelle Fayel. The old ſervant did as his maſter commanded him, and ſo went to France; and coming one day to Monſieur Fayel's houſe, he ſuddenly met him with one of his ſervants, who knowing him to be Captain Coucy's ſervant, examined him; and finding him timorous and to faulter in his ſpeech, he ſearched him, and found the ſaid box in his pocket, with the note which expreſſed what was in it; then he diſmiſſed the bearer, with menaces that he ſhould come no more thither. Monſieur Fayel going in ſent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a well-reliſhed diſh of it, without loſing a jot, for it was a very coſtly thing, and commanded him to bring it in himſelf after the laſt courſe at ſupper. The cook bringing in his diſh accordingly, Monſieur Fayel commanded all to avoid the room, and began a ſerious diſcourſe with his wife, "That ever ſince he had married her, he obſerved ſhe was always melancholy, and he feared ſhe was inclining to a conſumption, therefore he had provided a very precious cordial, which he was well aſſured would cure her;" and for that reaſon obliged her to eat up the whole diſh: ſhe afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her, "She had eaten up Coucy's heart;" and ſo drew the box out of his pocket, and ſhewed her the note and the bracelet. In a ſudden exultation of joy, ſhe with a deep-fetched ſigh, ſaid, "This is a precious cordial indeed; (and ſo licked the diſh, ſaying,) it is ſo precious that it is a pity ever to eat any thing after it." Whereupon ſhe went to bed, and in the morning was found dead. This ſad ſtory is painted in Coucy Caſtle, and remains freſh to this day.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

SONG.

MY heart was ſprightly once and gay,
No ſlave to reſtleſs care,
But now fond hope's deluſive ray
Is chang'd to wild deſpair.

Diſpell'd the tranſient luſtre flies,
That once infus'd delight,
The joy that beam'd in Morna's eyes,
Is ſhaded from my ſight.

Too fondly my inraptur'd ſoul
Confeſs'd the fatal flame,
A rigid parent's harſh controul,
Refus'd my beauteous claim.

For me ſhe wept, in me was bleſt,
But fate forbad the tie,
The darkeſt grief ſtill rends my breaſt,
Still ſorrow prompts a ſigh.

The reſtleſs taper's gilded rays,
Allur'd my raviſh'd eyes,
I ſigh'd to graſp th' illuſive blaze,
But ſtill the phantom flies.

My ardent ſoul purſu'd the flame,
Unguarded thro' the gloom,
Till toils and care oppreſs'd my frame,
Till error ſeal'd my doom.

S——.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

The WOLF and CARVED HEAD.

A Fable addreſſed to the Ladies.

A Wolf who prowl'd around for prey
A Carvers ſhop found in his way,
There thruſt his noſe and ſtood amaz'd
While on a beauteous head he gaz'd,
But ſoon he found to common ſenſe
The pretty thing had no pretence,
Alas! he cried the ſculptor's art
Muſt be allow'd t'have done its part;
But pity 'tis that there's no brains
In what hath coſt him ſo much pains.

To you I write dear girls, attend,
Oh hear the counſel of a friend,
A friend whoſe ſoul no intereſt moves
Who ne'er commends yet diſapproves,
Whoſe tongue unſkill'd in flatt'ry's art
Speaks juſt the dictates of his heart.
Beauty alone, tho' great its pow'r
Will be the gaze of but an hour,
Eternal charms at firſt may move,
'Tis only ſenſe can fix or love,
Your ſkin may be as fair as ſnow
Your cheeks with bluſhing roſes glow,
Moſt perfect ſkill, moſt finiſhed art
May be beſtow'd on ev'ry part;
To this call in the foreign aid
Of ſilks and jewels and brocade:
Let every hair be rang'd in taſte
With tow'ring curls and powder grac'd.
'Tis all in vain unleſs we ſee
The ſoul doth with the form agree.
Than outward charms who ſeek no more
Of *Peale* may have ſufficient ſtore,
Of him may buy a Kate or Polly
With all their worth without their folly.
Then be adviſed ye lovely fair
T'improve your minds be that your [illegible]e:
Attain thoſe charms which freſh ſhall bloom
Nor fade with age nor fear the tomb.
Like J—— who every method tries,
But chiefly this, how to be wiſe,
Whoſe poliſh'd mind by far excells
The faultleſs form in which it dwells:
Nor vainly think that you will find
A man than Æſop's wolf more blind.

W.

THE MORALIST.

They, who praiſe Men only to pleaſe them, betray their judgment by too much complaiſance.

REFLECTION.

THEY, who praiſe others merely to pleaſe them, will be eaſily prepoſſed in favour of thoſe whom they praiſe. When the will is reſolved to praiſe, it forces the judgment to find matter for it, and then a man betrays his judgment by too much complaiſance. He betrays it more ſtill when he praiſes thoſe who do not deſerve it. He ſhews himſelf as contemptible, as he would make others appear worthy of eſteem; and whilſt he thinks only of pleaſing one man, he will diſpleaſe many; for men in general diſapprove thoſe who depart from truth; and if any of them are of his mind, it is only out of an intereſted principle, which they do not ſincerely approve, becauſe they know that a lie ought never to be approved: Though we attack truth outwardly with our words, yet we pay homage to it inwardly by our reflections. I ſhall willingly promote the glory of other men by my encomiums, if any body will have it ſo, provided I be not obliged to diſhonor myſelf by any lies.

Philadelphia, *October* 24.

The county of Richmond in Georgia, at a meeting of its citizens, have diſapprobated the treaty.—They ſay, "that to ratify the treaty, would be an abuſe of the mercies of Heaven."

The National Debt of Spain, ſay the London papers, has increaſed, ſince the commencement of the war with France, to the amount of *Two Hundred Thouſand Millions of Piaſters*. Their loſs in lives is eſtimated at 60,000.

Extract of a letter from Preſque-Iſle, dated Sep. 24.

"Col. Rochefontaine left this place a few days ago on his return for Philadelphia; he has remained here until ſufficient work has been accompliſhed to ſhew his general intended plan, but there is as yet ſo much to do, and ſo few hands at work, (owing to about half the garriſon and artificers being ſick) that I doubt whether it will be finiſhed this year.

"We have not yet been viſited by either hoſtile or friendly Indians; the latter appear to regard this poſt with a jealous eye, and it is fortunate we have not been troubled with the former, as it is certainly in the power of a very ſmall party effectually to cut off our ſupplies. In its preſent unſettled ſtate, this is a miſerable country to winter in; the wind began almoſt a gale the firſt of this month, and I believe will continue till ſpring. There are a few people here, chiefly from the Geneſee country, who paſs backwards and forwards between this place and Niagara; our ſupplies from that country have been ſmall indeed, and as yet, I believe, they have very little to ſpare.

"Some of the people from this garriſon have viſited a few of the Indian towns belonging to the ſix nations, ſituated on the lake, and have been very friendly received."

The following gentlemen are elected Repreſentatives of Lancaſter county, in the General Aſſembly of this State—Matthias Barton, Thomas Bonde, James Morriſon, Abraham Carpenter, Richard Keys, John Haldiman.

Pittſburgh, Oct. 17.

Return of the General Election for Allegheny County.

Aſſembly—Preſly Nevil, Samuel Ewalt.
Sheriffs—James Semple, William Wuſthoff.
Commiſſioner—Joſeph Scott.

Waſhington County.

Aſſembly—John Minor, David Acheſon, William Wallace, Craig Ritchie.

Weſtmoreland County.

Aſſembly—Benjamin Lodge, George Smith, Michael Rugh.

Sheriffs—James Brady, Robert Orr.

The Senators for the Diſtrict of Weſtmoreland and Fayette counties are not yet aſcertained.

CHARLESTON Oct. 5.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia to a gentleman in this city, dated September 3.

"There have been ſtrong diſorders and diviſions in the miniſterial cabinet. Randolph reſigned ſuddenly about 4 weeks ago. It is now well aſcertained, that it is in conſequence of the Preſident's confidence in him having been deſtroyed. This was effected in the following way. A Britiſh junto in New York, contrived, by ſome means to get into their poſſeſſion, ſome of the letters of Mr. Fauchet to the French government. In one of which, he undertakes to deſcribe the views and principles, of all the prominent characters of our government; his letter contains ſome expreſſions relative to Mr. Randolph very ambiguous, which to a malevolent mind will bear a conſtruction, that Mr. Randolph had his Price, and intimating that he ſhould have the means.

"This letter however refers to one other letter, which when referred to, removed every ſuſpicion of guilt on the part of Mr. Randolph. When Hammond found that the Preſident had determined to withhold his ſignature from the treaty, until the buſineſs of the late orders of Britain, relative to our carrying proviſions, ſhould be explained, and alſo that he had adopted this line of conduct, in conſequence of advice given by Mr. Randolph and of which Mr. Randolph, informed Mr. Hammond; the latter went immediately to Wolcot, who is ſaid to be a tool of Hamilton's, and gave him this letter of Fauchet's. Wolcot and Pickering, without letting Mr. Randolph know any thing of the letter, ſent off an expreſs for the Preſident to come up poſt haſte. The council, conſiſting of the heads of the departments was ſummoned to attend him the next day at 9 o'clock, except Mr. Randolph who was ordered not to attend until half paſt 10 o'clock.

Mr. Randolph never dreaming of the villainous ſcheme working againſt him, attended at the time he was ſummoned, when to his great ſurprize he learned from the ſervant that the other members had been with the Preſident one hour and an half. He was received very cooly, and then for the firſt time the letter was given to Mr. Randolph by the Preſident, deſiring an explanation of its contents. Mr. Randolph called for the other paper referred to; declaring that it would explain every thing reſpecting it.

This however was kept back. Mr. Randolph then told the Preſident that finding his confidence in him impaired, he could not think of holding the office he was in, and he ſhould reſign, which he did accordingly, and ſet out immediately for Newport, R. I. to ſee Mr. Fauchet and have matters cleared up. Mr. Randolph is ſince returned, and we are aſſured, will clear up all matters to the utmoſt ſatisfaction.

The circumſtances are ſtrongly indicative of the danger, of any perſons expreſſing their private ſentiments on any ſubject, where they may contravene, with thoſe of a certain party here; who have unfortunately gotten the Preſident's confidence, and on whoſe ſide he will now be compelled to come forward openly, and marſhall himſelf."

Extract of a letter from Captain Lamotte of the brig Vengeur, to Captain Carvine, owner of ſaid brig, dated September 26, long. 66, lat. 25, 30.

"We were chaſed by the Thetis, when about 18 leagues E. S. E. from the bar.—The chace began at 8 o'clock A. M. and until 4 P. M. I continued to keep the advantage of the wind and rather gained on the frigate. The calm began about that time and being ſucceeded by a variable wind, the frigate was enabled to bear upon us, and continued chaſing until 7 o'clock, when the darkneſs made us loſe ſight of her. At 10 with the help of a night glaſs I perceived her again, ſhe had gained ſomething, but the breeze increaſing, I regained my advantage, and at half an hour after eleven I could no longer ſee her.

"As a prelude of my cruize I ſend you the brig Eliza, from London, bound to Providence. I attacked her in the night. She made ſome defence, but all the damage her powder and balls did me, was making two holes in my main ſail, you will ſee my powder was better. The priſoners will I hope have no right to complain of my treatment. I have uſed them as a true republican, with humanity.

"You may expect to have ſome more letters from me of a ſimilar nature, the laſt I ſhall accompany myſelf with the brig."

MARRIED,

—At Germantown, on Tueſday laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Doctor GEORGE BENSELL, to Miſs ROBESON, of the Falls of Schuylkill.

DIED,

On the 18th. inſt. in the 36th year of his age, JOHN FULLER, Eſq. born in Cork, of a lingering illneſs which he bore with as much firmneſs and reſignation as he ſhewed during his perſecutions and impriſonment in France, under the tyranny of Roberſpiere. He was a friend to liberty, and enthuſiaſtic in the cauſe of humanity. A gentleman of extreme ſenſibility, of correct underſtanding, of the ſevereſt probity, of amiable manners, and ſociable diſpoſition, of extenſive knowledge and information. Such was Mr. John Fuller, both in the profeſſion of the law and in the circle of his kindred and acquaintance.

He died in the arms of conjugal tenderneſs and care, leaving to his beloved conſort an example of virtue and irreproachable life, of which ſhe had been herſelf the model during a ſeries of years, ſpent in the happineſs of the matrimonial bands.

PROPOSALS,

By WOODRUFF & PECHIN,

For Printing, by Subſcription,

A Geographical, Commercial, and Philoſophical

VIEW

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

COMPREHENDING,

A Deſcription of their Extent, Civil Diviſions, Chief Towns, Climates, Curioſities, Soils, Mountains, Lakes, Rivers, Springs, and Iſlands; Natural Hiſtory, Production, Population, Character, Government, Provincial Conſtitutions, Courts of Juſtice, Religion, Agriculture, Commerce, and Hiſtory; copious and intereſting Accounts of the late War; general and particular Deſcription of the Weſtern Territory, including all that is important to thoſe who are about to purchaſe and ſettle in that, or any other Part of the United States.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A General Account of the Diſcovery of America, by Columbus;

A CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF AMERICA,

And the numerous Tribes of American Indians—their Manners, Cuſtoms, &c. &c.

IN THE WORK IS ALSO INCLUDED,

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SPANISH, FRENCH, AND DUTCH POSSESSIONS IN AMERICA, AND THE WEST-INDIA ISLANDS;

Illuſtrated with large Maps, Charts, and Plates, including an extenſive Number of elegant and accurate Repreſentations of the moſt remarable Quadrupeds, Birds, Fiſhes, Reptiles, &c. peculiar to the American Continent. Compiled from the beſt and moſt recent Authorities, and original and authentic Communications.

By the Rev. *W. WINTERBOTHAM.*

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Court of Apollo.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

A favorite Song.

YE youths wherefoever ye wander so free,
I pray give attention and listen to me,
For truly my case is distressing and hard,
If none of your sex will my counsel regard:
If you wish for a wife,
To be happy for life,
Here's one that will sell you a heart for a heart;
Come, come, prithee buy,
Or else I shall die,
O pity a maiden and pray take her part,
Ah, do—ah do—
O pity a maiden and pray take her part.

Full seventeen summers have now roll'd along,
And still I'm unmarried—a little too long!
But, since I have waited the time I have said,
I'll tell you the husband I now wish to wed:
Good sense I must find,
In the youth of my mind,
Not a fop or a coxcomb can e'er touch my heart;
No, no—he must be
Good temper'd and free—
O, pity a maiden and pray take her part.
Ah, do—ah do, &c.

Should you turn in your minds now a virgin's advice,
I charge you, ye bachelors, don't be too nice;
Tho' for virtue and so forth I may stand the test!
O, you'll find me no more than a woman at best!
Indeed, it is true,
So mind that you do,
Ere you dare for the temple of Hymen to start;
But should you incline,
Hand and heart to entwine,
O pity a maiden and pray take her part.
Ah, do—ah, do, &c.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Messrs. Printers,

MANY mopish scribblers whose ignorance is only commensurate with the poverty and meanness of their sentiments, appeal to the decision of a candid public, in order to incur their odium and detestation. Some of these animals, are cattle of "our great good friend," his immaculate majesty of England, and that these treaty maniacs, should assume the despicable effrontery of appealing to the umpirage of the public, when they are conscious of the most unequivocal condemnation, is an inexplicable mystery in the political system. But I shall wave all further comments upon such a distortion of principles, and according to my primary intention, I will pass from this exordium, to a brief animadversion upon that literary curiosity "MAN UNDECEIVED,"* as a necessary prelude, to an examination of Mr. P's, federal incongruities, and in this undertaking, I shall connive at the vociferation of his panegyrical apostles: let them screech at a distance; for contemptuous silence is the just tribute of their insignificance. If they are capable of any thing that bears the similitude of rational objection, I will deign them an answer; but this is a visionary expectation, and the clamour of such idiots will need no refutation.

I would however, make one extraneous observation upon Mr. Prieur's gibberish. He tells us very demurely, that he is "done with" disgorging his typographical nausea into "the channel of the Minerva, lest the pure stream should be polluted in its course." I wish this resolution had been formed a little sooner, because this emblematical bird of the sage divinity, has considerably retarded this prolix discussion.

A recurrence to the original Spanish of MAN UNDECEIVED, would be a most criminal loss of time, and therefore it would be most adviseable, to descant upon the very essence of the work, which is contained in a "short extract translated by the author and corrected by a democrat." In this specimen of vaunted excellence, the author's egotism and great self importance are the predominat characteristics. To avoid the imputation of ignorance, or rather to evince his miraculous ascendancy in knowledge, he has here darkened the world by a chaos of nonsense, remarkably well thatched with latin, and pompously paraded as the test of great classic pre-eminence. If an indiscriminate selection of quotations, from the musty volumes of the Romans, is the criterion of intellectual superiority, our author has aspired to the very summit of perfection. His dexterity at quotation, may possibly entitle him to the reputation of a schoolmaster, but it argues the most consummate infatuation for him, who is under the necessity of having his works "corrected" by another, to come forward as the candidate of English authorship.—His Man Undeceived is a faint echo of the works of the immortal Paine, who has so ably prostrated the mighty Walworth, the bulwark of aristocracy: and that such secondary geniuses as Mr. P. should officiously interpose their fustian and gasconade, to invalidate the powers of Burk, in his conflict with the impregnable Paine, reminds one of whiffets that interfere in a battle of bulldogs. That illustrious patriot and philanthropist requires no extraneous aid, and he would smile at Mr. P's impotency, as he does at the thousand frivolous pamphlets that have appeared in England against his Rights of Man. His writings are mountains of political science, which do not require the support of pismires; mountains which rear their proud summits above the clouds of despotism, and will remain the monument of his glory to the latest ages. In our author's "prevention"† to the specimen of Man Undeceived, he expatiates a little upon the beauty of plagiarism, maintains in direct contravention to Paine's arguments, that it is highly criminal for one to "speak his own nonsense," as though he would "appear another Solomon," and concludes by congratulating Democracy in having such an illustrious advocate as himself, who can ransack the tomes of antiquity, and steal in her defence. I shall not attempt to substantiate Mr. Paine's arguments, and since I have so respectable an authority, I shall implicitly regard it as axiom, notwithstanding Mr. P's objection, that originality is really superior to plagiarism.

In perusing Man Undeceived my risibility was most sumptuously feasted. As his argument advances, he asserts that "Eve was more ignorant than Adam," and borrows a scrap from Seneca "to take away all doubts" of sexual inequality of intellect. The judicious philosopher would never indulge such idle dreams as these. Our plagiarist we find, then proceeds most systematically, in dissipating the deception of man, by starting a "WONDER" (it ought to be printed in big letters) whether "Walworth ever courted a pretty girl."!!! While he was in the fit of wondering, he might as well have wondered whether mince pye is more luscious than apple dumplins. But he still continues to dissipate the deception of man, by alledging that (prepare yourself, Reader, for more "wonders") !!!! "even an old maid" would turn up her nose at Walworth !!!! Indeed at this rate man will soon be undeceived.

In our next we will expatiate a little upon old bachelors, as well as old maids, and incidentally touch upon celibacy, which are matters so inseparably connected with man's restoration, that I should deserve to be "caged" like the antifederal furies, were I silent upon this momentous subject. This will be tooth-drawing to Mr. P. but as he has delegated one of his pimps, to challenge me to the contest in which I reluctantly engaged, I hope he will patiently bear the brunt, without making many wry faces, till this long winded business is finished. AMEN.

* A work written in Spanish, by J. Ph. de P******

† Prevention probably signifies *preface*, and this solecism affords us a pretty just idea of Mr. P's *radical* knowledge of the English language.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Misstor Printirz.

IME konshis Thet ven phoax of mi polit Tikle princurpLs resees Sitch egg reesus inculte, U will skawrn two cee me kikt an kuft soe unkawn shin a belly az Eye av bin att the last EElexshon.

U must no thenn thet phorgitting ole tims ime nou A moast off ldjewus up hole Dur of the Prezurdunt and ime a prodijis Hadmire ur of Gaize Tree Tea, co mutch soe thet F Eye lived in Fil urdelfee i shood moast Sartinlea undor Taik an Xphewtashin of them thare phulz thot maix sitch A phuss in Bee Chiz awroar A sitch AZ porshis wallearYus, belly Sarjus an uthor art Ticklz two Tea Yus two men chin. Soe as eye wus a goin tu tel yoo tuthur da, thee EleXshun kum awn, an thinx i, Isle Xurt mi Celph Phurr mistur R—— an t—— hoo eye node wood bea xLent spoax in the Prezzordunts wele, co as i wus a goan two tel yoo, tu awr 3 hundtred menn mett Hat C——'s tavrin wair aphtur trinkkin a phew glassiz a crog, wun phellur an Eye got two tizpewl in co lowd that weed Lyk tu gott tu laugurheds aphoar wede spoak so phive wurdz, yew mai bee shewr Eye wis hot fur the Tree Tea an i tole im it wus the moast xlentist thingg phur a merry Kay that kood bea kawnfeevd. Yoor a D—— lyre sez hee. Wats that U sa sez eye, co he repeetid The wurds a Gin, an i kechd im buy the skuf A the nek in a jiffin, an bephoar yew cood sa jak robber son, rownd the rewm we hattit hip an thi evur tey bills and cheerz, mush pawts and grid Eye runs till we last hee fowzd mi hed intu the phyre, and oovur sat A hole pott of skawldin wawtur that tuck al the hare oph A the bak a mi hed. yoo mai bee shewr Eye wos Inn a pritea pikl! wen i got up mi i brouze wus sinjd, an mi fais purnt in a Shokkin mannur. soe upp i gits redd hawt vith when Finee an klincht im A Gin: rownd the howce wae haddit an hen busht mee flabbang aginst the cichon dore witch broak opun, an sowze i phel bakwurd intu a sope tubb. Al the EElexshun Phoax sett up the turrabliss haw haw U eVur heerd, and the laidee of the howce woz so kon sarnit mad that shee throde a hafa bar Ni a swil evur mee Witch Leyk toov tuk awa mi preth: A swollode several pitts of butaytors and so mutch wuy pran that Eye thawt iun mi soal i shood bin stranglit tu deth. the dogz barkt att mea an the hopgoblins sett up sitch a hawce laf an injin yel, that eye thawt The werrea teul himselph wos kumin phawr mee. hav U gawe Tree Tea ennf nau sade mi antaggurnest, hooz phist wos as hevvent az ai sleje hammur? an kaws i wosunt Abel tu speke, hee hawld mee owt a dorz buy the heals write intwo a hoal wair the hogz had bin wolloin. thare dit eye roal an krawl throo the mudd til yood thawt i wos the verrea tevil imzelph. twos buy a Mirry Kill i got hoam alliv, bi the ass lslince ov mi bruthor, an ive bin lade up evvor sense.

Now mistur printurz, wat du yoo think o sitch Yoozitch as this? isnt It anuf tu maik a preest swayr that eye shood be beet knew tutch, an kikt an thumpt and brewzd in this mannur. i beeirz shawrtlee twe appligh tu the Prezzurdunt too havem bowndoour as it wos in hiz kawz sitch Voph Full kallamotees pephel me and Igh thinx heel send a rijment a sojors two goe aginst theez lolloss ranjakkars ov the wurld, and I hoap thiss pubLokashun wil be a warnin tu em that tha mai nawt bee giltee of trezin ugin.

Yooz to sarv JONATHAN GREZZLE.
Aawktobur 22d. Justars of the peas.